

Skin by UniquelyTerrible

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Summary:

It had been a little over a week since the incident at the Byers' house and Billy couldn't stop thinking about how it really wasn't fucking fair that Harrington still managed to look good with his face covered in bruises and cuts. About how amazing it had felt to have Harrington underneath him.

It was distracting, affecting every aspect of his life. And Billy was going to do something about it.

Skin

Author's Note:

- For [NataFreak](#).

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He had heard from Tommy that Harrington's parents were going to be gone this weekend, so he picked up some supplies in a convenience store a town over—lube, condoms, and a pack of zip ties—and went to his house. It was isolated enough that Billy didn't worry about parking in the driveway, smoking half a pack in his Mustang as he worked up his nerve.

Eventually, he rang the doorbell. Muffled footsteps, and the door opened. Before Harrington had time to react, Billy forced his way inside, knocking Harrington to the floor in the process. Billy shut the door behind him.

Harrington groaned and sat up, holding his head. "What the hell, Hargrove?"

Billy looked down at Harrington and wet his lips, unable to believe

that this was actually happening. He pulled a zip tie out of his pocket. Harrington's eyes went wide and he scrambled off the floor.

"Billy?" Harrington was tense, ready to bolt.

Billy had expected that, had expected that Harrington would put up a hell of a fight, but Billy knew that he would come out on top in the end.

Before Harrington had time to react, Billy tackled him to the ground. Harrington struggled, but Billy was stronger. It wasn't easy, but Billy managed to get Harrington's hands behind his back and zip tie them together.

"Billy. Don't, don't do this man." Harrington's voice is frantic, scared.

Billy helped him up from the floor and guided him to the living room. "Don't worry. I'm not going to hurt you."

Harrington gave him a disbelieving look as Billy gestured for him to sit on the couch.

"Stay here."

Billy walked up the stairs and pulled a comforter off of the guest room bed. When he got back to the living room, he was pleasantly

surprised that Harrington was still on the couch.

Billy laid the comforter on the floor. It was plush enough to be as comfortable as any mattress.

Harrington gave him an odd look. "You're not. I thought you were here to." Steve wet his lips. "To kill me. But that's not why you're here, is it?"

Billy had not been expecting that. "No. Of course not. I'm not." He paused, inexplicably hurt. "You actually thought I would *murder* you."

"Last time we were in a room together you beat the shit out of me."

Yeah, but that didn't make him a killer.

Billy took a deep breath to calm himself. "Just get on the comforter."

Harrington hesitated, but eventually, he stiffly slid from the couch to the comforter. Billy sat down next to him. They stared at each other for a moment before Billy leaned in. Harrington didn't respond to the kiss, and even though Billy hadn't expected him to, it hurt a little.

Billy deepened the kiss, ran his fingers through Harrington's hair, pretended that Harrington wanted him too.

Billy pulled back for air and pushed Harrington on his back—he made a noise of surprise, but otherwise offered no resistance—and crawled on top of him, reattaching their lips.

Kiss Harrington is amazing—at least, as amazing as it can be, given the circumstances—but it's not the only thing Billy came here to do.

He pulls away, flushed and panting, and undoes Harrington's belt. Harrington goes rigid.

Billy sighs. "You need to relax. Unless you want it to hurt.

Billy can tell that Harrington tries. He's not relaxed by any means, but he's not quite so tense. Billy can work with that.

Billy's cock is hard, straining against his jeans, but he ignores it in favor of removing Harrington's jeans and boxers. He rubs his hands up and down Harrington's thighs in what he hopes is a soothing manner before retrieving the lube out of his pocket.

Harrington's eyes are closed—not in anticipation, like Billy wants, but in fear—his cock soft, but Billy lubes up a finger anyway. He's come too far to stop now.

He circles Harrington's hole once, then pushes in slow and gentle. Harrington's hisses, but it doesn't sound pained, so Billy continues.

He makes sure not to rush; he hadn't lied when he told Harrington that he wasn't here to hurt him.

Billy's not sure how it happened, but at some point during the preparation, Harrington's cock grew hard, his hisses of discomfort turning into moans of pleasure. Harrington may not want this, but at least he'll enjoy it.

Billy removes his finger, makes quick work of his jeans, and slides on a condom. He lubes himself up and gets into position. It's hard, because Harrington is tight and wet and hot and perfect, but Billy manages to enter him slowly, to keep his thrust shallow until Harrington adjusts.

It's so easy to imagine that Harrington wants this just as much as Billy does with the noises he is making, the way he's rock hard against Billy, the way he clenches around him, and Billy loses himself in the fantasy. He wants this to last, tries his best to hold out as long as he can, but when Harrington tightens around him as he finishes, Billy follows him over the edge.

For a moment, it's pure bliss. Then reality kicks in. He pulls out Harrington, takes off and ties the condom, makes his way to the kitchen. He brings back some paper towels, cleans himself and Harrington up as best he can, and puts back on his pants.

He takes a pair of scissors and cuts the zip tie binding Harrington's wrist. Harrington rubs his wrist and fixes his own pants, his cheeks red.

He won't look Billy in the eye. Billy can't say that he blames him.

Billy considers threatening Harrington to keep quiet, but decidedly there's no point. Harrington's not going to tell anyone what happened, not when he has just as much Billy.

Billy leaves without a word, satisfied but craving more.